

BIDE YOUR TIME.

From the Dublin Nation.
Bide your time!—the morn is breaking,
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—
Millions from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in stern array,
Man shall fetter man no longer,
Liberty shall march sublime:
Every moment makes you stronger—
Firm, unshrinking, bide your time.

Bide your time—one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done,
Undismayed—erect—unshaken,
Watch and wait, and all is won.
'Tis not by one rash endeavor
Men or States to greatness climb—
Would you win your rights forever,
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time!

Bide your time—your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain;
He whose arm would smite oppression
Must not need to smite again!
Danger makes the brave man steady—
Rashness is the coward's crime—
Be for Freedom's battle ready,
When it comes—but, bide your time!

The Oregon Territory.

FIRST BLOW ALREADY STRUCK.

This question of 'To whom does the Oregon Territory rightfully belong?' occupies, at the present time, not the minds of diplomatists, statesmen and editors only, but it engrosses the attention of the people, individually, of two or more nations. The Cockney tradesman discusses it as he takes, at evening, his pint of 'half-and-half'; it is the theme of mess-room speculations at the 'Horse Guards,' and the prevailing topic in the club room at the 'West End' of London. The cotton spinners of Manchester loom largely in your yarns on Oregon; and the Birmingham cutlers speak as if they knew its merits like a knife; the earthenware manufacturers of Derbyshire say that America cannot sustain her claim to the territory—not by a jug full; and the coal miners of Newcastle say that the boasting of the Yankees is all gas. In our own country, the agitation of the question is still more general. The Yankees 'calculate' on giving the Britishers *goss*, should they have the temerity to insist upon their claims to the first foot of Oregon, by an appeal to arms; the Southerners 'reckon' that if a war grows out of Oregon, defeat—certain and inglorious defeat to the English—will be the consequence, sure; and the men of the West say, that if John Bull dares to raise their dander, they will first gauge the eyes out of the old English lion, and then give him a licking that will make him roar louder than thunder, and 'holer enough' till he won't be able to 'holer' any more.

Last night, in a cabaret on the Levee, a seventy-sixth rate Cockney tourist, who was on his way to the saintly city of Navroo, indulged in some hyperbolic remarks touching the powers of the fast-anchored Isle.

'It was a most extraordinary hidden,' he said, 'to suppose that, in a war, America could hold a candle with England, the most powerful nation as has ever been known in history.'

'What are you striving to say, old Fogmester?' said a tall, bone-and-sinew-built Kentucky boatman, who had listened with evident symptoms of impatience to Cockney's gasconade.

'I vos a sayin,' said the Cockney, 'that if the 'Mericans persist in laying claim to the 'ole of the Horegon Territory, Hengland will put the Old Dook at the 'od of the harmy again, who will immediately march them to take possession of the disputed territory; and hour navy will, as with a broom, sweep the seas; we will then not only take Horegon, but the 'ole of the States under our protection as colonies.'

'You will, will you?' said the Kentuckian, barely able to suppress his rising wrath.

'We mean to,' added the Cockney; 'and hinstend of the present republican hignorance and confusion that prevail, we will hinstroduce horder and the cultivation of the harts and sciences.'

'Stop that stranger,' said the Kentuckian; 'I'm gertin' rily—I'm wolfish. Do you know what lightning' ignited by a lickin' is, or the thunder of a Kentuckian's thump?'

Before the Cockney had time to answer these questions physical of phenomena, the Kentuckian gave him a blow that knocked lightning out of his eye, and thunder into his ear—thus practically illustrating what was before a mystery in physics to the Cockney. But for the interference of some humane persons present who interposed, the Kentuckian would, to use his own Canibalistic expression, 'have chawed him up in less time than a yearlin' bar could come down a greased asplin.'

The Cockney was off for up the river in the very first boat, muttering something about a book he intended to write upon America in general and of the 'orrible state of society' in New Orleans in particular.—N. O. Picayune.

A very nice woman, living at 'Hard-scabble,' in Pennsylvania, refused to subscribe for a paper, saying, 'no indeed! we are wicked enough now!'

'Mr. C. if you'll get my pants done by Saturday night, I shall be forever indebted to you.'

'If that's your game, they will not be done, sure,' said the tailor.

A Fragment.

To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and be unequal to your sufferings—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand nor conceive of—to carry within your bosom the buried seeds of happiness, which are to grow, of intelligence which is never to terminate—to find even your presence afflictive, and know not whether you excite compassion or horror—a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent without one exhilarating thought—without one recollection of the past—without one hope of the future—Oh! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow.

Now, to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth to streams of light and joy—to rouse the affections, that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, and merciful in all his chastisements—to enlighten the soul that it may see its origin and destiny—to cause the lips to smile, though they cannot speak; the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow; and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear—Oh! what a beautiful suppliant to the benevolence of Heaven.

Love for the Dead.

The love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has also its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsed agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, are softened into pensive meditations on all that was dear in the day of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom? who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

Beautiful.

Music for the Melancholy. Aye—let it be breathed over the desponding heart, and, even if it be buried in gloom, like the landscape at midnight, ere long you shall see cheerfulness climb up the horizon of despair, like the moon beyond the mountains, hallowing every thing with a light, softer from the very darkness it illumines, and more bland than the noontide of unclouded joy. Yea—pour fourth the mystic soul of song, and the downcast brow shall lose its cloud of care, the eye shall anon beam with its wonted cheer, and the cheek grow radiant with smiles.

Music for the Mourner. Not the wild measures that lead the dance, or that rouse wrath in the tempest of battle, O no—soft as angel whisperings, and plaintive as the moanings of the anguish'd heart, be the tones that would balm the stricken in heart. Let them murmur of blighted hope, and buried love, till the crushed feelings are identified with the sympathetic strain. But bid not the thought long wander in the grave. Let the melody, embodied as it were, into a thousand lrised hues, gild the portals of the tomb, and stream like the auroral glory, toward Heaven.

'Ox Drink.'

A GOOD NAME FOR SMALL BEGINNERS OF GREAT THINGS.—At a late public meeting the Rev. J. Spalding dwelt a few moments on the deathless nature and extent of moral influence. Away among the Alleghanies, said he, there is a spring so small that a single ox in a hot summer's day could drink it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that Ocean, which is obedient only to God, and shall roll and roar, till the angel with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to Heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rivulet—a rivulet—an ocean—boundless and faithless as eternity.—Telegraph.

Shaker Love.

'Martha, does thee love me?' asked a Shaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest affections had been offered up.

'Why, Seth,' answered she, 'we are commanded to love one another, are we not?'

'Ahl Martha; does thee regard me with the feeling which the world calls love?'

'I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one—I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share.'

Always have a book within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes.

Democracy.

THE SYSTEM OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT is most beautiful in its structure and benevolent in its operations. It is a transcript of the government of God. It is supported by the profoundest researches of philosophy, by the sublimest teachings of religion, the purest piety, the deepest virtue, the firmest faith, the brightest hope, the most extensive charity. It gives to each the right of all. Each man is estimated a unit, the sum of which make up the whole. What is the right of one, is the right of all. It confers no title; it bestows no immunities. It makes each accountable for the whole, and pledges the protection of the whole for the good of each. The man that is born in insignificance, and bred in a corner, may by a continuance in well doing, rise to the centre of glory and honor. Merit is the only avenue to success; and the sons and daughters of the rich, by the neglect of virtue, by indulgence in vice, will sink into merited insignificance. The man in office may be removed without a revolution, while vacant seats are open to the emulation of all. I can conceive of no form of government so perfectly compatible with the sublime principles of Christianity or so directly calculated to promote the happiness of all mankind, as a democracy. It needs only to be understood in theory, and adopted in practice, by a people qualified to test its qualities, to secure the admiration and support of every philanthropist, throughout the world.—Rev. W. S. Balch.

Stern Democracy.

The spirit of democracy does not manifest itself in dissension or disunion. A true democrat will make any sacrifice for the good of the party, and though injustice be done him, yet will he not from anger or desire for revenge, strike at those principles which he believes, in his heart, to be the immutable principles of truth and justice.

It is customary with the whigs in a season of danger and difficulty, to throw overboard principle for the purpose of individual advantage. The democracy love their principles, and in a moment of adversity, they hang on to them, and let the men take care of themselves.

'Every thing for the cause—nothing for men,' says the patriotic Benton. The duty of every democrat is, to act as if upon his individual exertions depend the welfare of the cause, and of the country.

If we are divided among ourselves, whiggery sneaks in like a thief in the dark, to rob us of all we earned triumph, and then to laugh at our infatuation.

Union and harmony will always ensure a victory. Let us have good feeling, a good organization, and fight always with an unbroken front.—Hardin Democrat.

Valuable Secret.

'Sarah, I wish you would lend me your thimble. I can never find mine when I want it.'

'Why can you not find it Mary?'

'If you do not choose to lend me yours I can borrow of any body else.'

'I am willing to lend it to you Mary. Here it is.'

'I knew you would let me have it.'

'Why do you always come to me to borrow, when you have lost any thing, Mary?'

'Because you never lose your things, and always know where to find them!'

'How do you suppose I always know where to find my things?'

'I am sure I cannot tell. If I knew, I might perhaps, sometimes contrive to find my own.'

'This is the secret. I have a place for every thing, and after I have done using any thing, it is my rule to put it away in its proper place.'

'Yes just as though your life depended on it.'

'My life does not depend on it, Mary, but my convenience does, very much.'

'Well, I can never find time to put my things away.'

'How much more time will it take to put a thing away, in its proper place, than it will to hunt after it, when it is lost?'

'Well, I'll never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it.'

'Why! you are not affronted, I hope?'

'Oh, no, dear Sarah! I am ashamed and I am determined, now, to do as you do—to have a place for every thing and every thing in its place.'

seize a woman by the shoulders, and apparently, give her several blows, but in the struggle the cane fell from the man's hands, and while he stooped, to pick it up, the woman fled. The man followed in hot pursuit, and they both disappeared down a side street.

The Englishman followed a little faster at this time for he wished to recover his cane, which was of costly work, and surmounted by a large head of solid gold, curiously carved, and for which he had a short time before paid 500 francs. He looked in vain, however, for the injured husband and his erring spouse. After having waited about a quarter of an hour, he gave up the matter, exclaiming with his usual colness: 'The scoundrel has duped me, but he did his work well, and I forgive him.'

He did not neglect, however, to lodge information at the police office, with a full description of the cane; but we fear that he will never again have the pleasure of lending it for the purpose of bringing back to the path of duty, any of the faithless daughters of Eve.—*Courier de l'Etat Unis.*

Phrenological Development.

Amitiveness.—A young miss's attachment to her looking glass.

Philoprogenitiveness.—Our neat little daughters playing with their doll babies.

Adhesiveness.—Getting measured for a pair of boots, and sitting on a piece of cobbler's wax.

Inhabiteness.—A gorman contemplating skippy cheese.

Concentrativeness.—Looking through the big end of a spy glass.

Combativeness.—The nightly demonstrations of the dogs of our village.

Destructiveness.—An old maid tearing up doll babies.

Alimentiveness.—Sucking 'lasses through a straw, or scraping a sugar hoghead.

Acquisitiveness.—The early propensity of boys to rob orchards and water melon patches.

Secretiveness.—Playing 'Hunt the Slipper' with the gals.

Cautiousness.—Mamma telling Jack not to go near the water till he learns to swim.

Approbativeness.—A lady's last look at her mirror as she leaves home for a party.

Self-Esteem.—A rooster flapping his wings and crowing on a barn-yard fence.

Firmness.—A brat squalling half the night, and not staying 'put to sleep.'

Conscientiousness.—Reading your neighbor's paper, and not subscribing for one yourself.

Hope.—Schoolboys looking ahead for the long vacation.

Marvelousness.—The youthful credence of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' or 'Sindbad the Sailor.'

Veneration.—Sleeping in Church, and snoring during a sermon.

India Rubber Pants.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says, there is something peculiarly pleasant and agreeable in the sensation one feels on putting on a pair of India Rubber Pants. They yield so readily to every motion of the body and legs, and then they are so cool that you feel almost as if your extremities were denuded. Those who have seen them must have remarked the tenacity with which they try to shrink into the smallest possible compass, looking for all the world only large enough for a boy three years old, but when tried they easily accommodate themselves to common sized men. Going up Main street a few days ago, we observed a man just ahead with a pair of the articles on. By some accident one of the straps broke, and one leg of his pants commenced crawling up until it ascended above the knee, in spite of all his efforts to keep it down. His situation was decidedly unpleasant, besides being picturesque, as he did not happen to have any drawers, and the mirth of the bystanders at this mishap exhibited itself in the loudest shouts of laughter. He took the first shoot in the shape of an alley close by, and that was the last seen of him. We have ever since entertained the impression that India Rubber Pants were dangerous and rather mortifying things in the street, or in a ball room, particularly if the straps give way.

ART REPLY.—An honest son of Erin, green his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyers office, and asked the inmate, 'and what do you sell here?'

'Blockheads,' replied the limb of the law.

'Och! then to be sure,' said Pat, 'it must be a good trade, for I see there's but one left.'

At a late Bible class examination, the master having asked, 'what is said of John, the Baptist?' received the following answer:

'And this ere John came up out of the wilderness, and he was clothed in camomiles hair, and he was girt about the neck with a leather bridle, and his meat was Locos and wild onions.'

It is said Prince Albert will die very wealthy, as he lays by a Sovereign every night.—*Enquirer.*

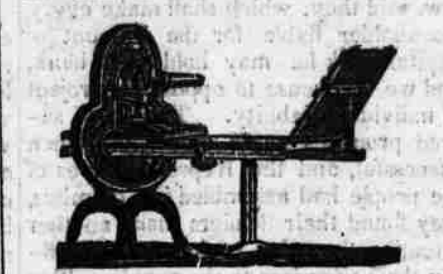
And is annually manufacturing smaller coins. Our devil is responsible for that.—*Mirror.*

Why is a north wind like a soldier? It goes where it listeth.

Noggs thinks that Yankee team drivers are great professors of gee-haw-logy. We think so too.

'You're a wag,' as the dog said to his tail.

JOB PRINTING.



THE office of the 'Portage Sentinel' is furnished with a good variety of

Job and Card Type

and we are prepared to execute with despatch all kinds of JOB WORK in the neatest and most workmanlike manner.

Office in Mason's Block, over the Post-office, North side of Main street.

NEW MILLINERY.

MISS KELLY, would beg leave to inform the Ladies of Ravenna and vicinity that she has taken a room in Mason's Block, where she intends to do all kinds of work in the Millinery business. She therefore invites the Ladies to give her a trial in their line—and she will guarantee, to accommodate them with the latest fashions and best work, and she hopes by paying strict attention to her business to receive a share of the public patronage.

Ravenna, June 12, 1845.

NOTICE.

THE person that has my Pike's Arithmetic in his possession, borrowed or otherwise obtained will please give notice where it may be found, and no questions will be asked. It may be known by there being writing on the blank and printed leaves with a pencil.

Wm. E. CRAWFORD.
Ravenna, July 16, 1845.

NOTICE.

AT my instance an attachment was this day issued by William N. Merwin, a Justice of the Peace of Palmyra township, Portage Co. against the property and effects of William Garrison an absent debtor.

LORIN BIGELOW.
July 7th, 1845.

NOTICE.

I hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed and qualified administrator on the estate of Evan Beavan late of Paris in Portage County, deceased.

Wm. C. HUDSON, Administrator.
July 15th, 1845.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed and qualified Executor on the estate of Amelia Hull, late of Shalersville, Portage County, Ohio, dec'd.

Dated at Shalersville, June 21st, 1845.
SILAS H. ELDRIDGE, Executor.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed and qualified administrator on the estate of John E. Davis, deceased late of Palmyra, Portage County, Ohio.

EVAN DAVIS, } Administrators.
Wm. N. MERWIN, }
June 25th, 1845.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed and qualified administrator with the will annexed, administrator of the estate of John Debra, deceased, late of Randolph, Portage county, Ohio.

JOSEPH SCHRODER, Administrator,
with the will annexed.

By T. R. DICKINSON, Att'y.
June 30, 1845.

SILVER PLATING MANUFACTORY.

Next door to Cobb's Exchange Hotel
AKRON, SUMMIT CO. OHIO.

THE Subscriber makes and keeps constantly on hand and for sale all kinds of Silver-plated, Brass, Japaned and Tinned, Saddlery, Carriage and Harness mountings. Also, all kinds of Iron work for Carriage Makers to order on short notice, with Brass or Silver at 6 cents per inch, crooked or straight. Also work plated with extra size of Silver when ordered, at small advance price. Those wanting a superior article of Plated House Trimmings may depend on my word, and from forty years experience I am prepared to anticipate all orders in my line. I also have a

BRASS FOUNDRY.

In full blast and am prepared to 'execute orders, for all kinds of Brass, Copper or Composition Castings to patterns if furnished with will cast and finish the same to order.

Spelter, Solder and Copper Rivets, always on hand at the lowest prices and Cash or Old Metals taken in pay. Bell hangings, Locksmithing, Keys and Jobbing generally by

GEORGE THARP.
Akron, June 4, 1845.

N. B.—Work for the above establishment will be received at this office, and when furnished, if required, will be returned here for delivery.

11f.

VILLAGE SCHOOL.

THE SUMMER QUARTER will commence on Monday the 25th day of June next, and be open as usual for the reception of scholars, male and female, from the Village and vicinity, on the same terms as formerly. Mr. and Mrs. Hall will both continue to devote themselves to the work of instruction. Ravenna, June 12, 1845.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters.

THIS Celebrated and valuable medicine, is good for loss of appetite, heart burn, acidity of stomach, flatulences, &c., combining both a tonic and cathartic property, is still for sale at the Drug Store of SWIFT & HATCH. Ravenna, June 12, 1845.

Family Boarding School for Boys.

RAVENNA, PORTAGE CO. O. BOYS from 8 to 14 years of age are received into this School, and the number is limited to 15 or 20. The pupils are received into the family of the Principal, and form a part of it. A constant watchfulness will be exercised over their habits and morals, and a kind parental government maintained, and the intercourse, comforts and enjoyments of home secured to them in as high a degree as possible.

The personal attention of the Principal and his lady (both of whom have had the experience of years in the training and instruction of youth) will be faithfully and unremittingly given to secure the comfort, health and happiness, and the moral and intellectual improvement of pupils committed to their care.

The dwelling is spacious and commodious, situated in a retired part of the village, where the sports and recreations of the playground can be enjoyed, entirely free from street and village influences. The whole establishment will be under an efficient but mild discipline, resembling that of a well regulated Christian family.

The system of instruction is designed not merely to advance and perfect the pupils in the branches studied, but to develop and instruct the judgment, to enlighten the understanding, to form the habits, and to give a moral and useful direction to the inclinations.

Tuition will be given in the common and higher English branches, and also in the higher Mathematics, and in several of the languages, namely: Latin, Greek, French and Spanish, as Parents and Guardians may desire.

The Summer session will commence on Wednesday the 25th of June next, and embrace a period of 13 weeks—and be followed by a vacation of 3 weeks, when the Winter session will commence on the 1st day of November and embrace a period of 22 weeks.

TERMS.—\$2 per week—including tuition, board, lodging, washing, mending, fuel and lights. For the winter session an extra charge of two dollars per scholar for incidental expenses will be made. Payments to be made quarterly in advance.

LYMAN W. HALL.
Ravenna, May 1845.

REFERENCES.

Ravenna.—J. Shouse, D. Lyman, D. R. Tilden, Rev. E. B. Atwater, Rev. W. G. Johnson, Joseph Lyman, William Coleman, C. Prentiss, Isaac Brayton, Doct. J. Swift.

Cleveland.—J. W. Allen, S. J. Andrews, J. A. Foote, S. Starkweather, J. A. Briggs, E. Wade, T. F. Spencer, L. L. Rice, E. Cushing.

Warren.—Leicester King, John Crowl, David Tod, John Hutchings.

Canton.—H. Griswold, D. A. Starkweather, D. Jarvis.

Hudson.—Van R. Humphrey, Faculty of W. R. College.

Akron.—L. Dewey, H. Canfield, W. S. C. Otis, George Kirkum, F. Wadsworth, Lucien Swift, L. V. Bierce.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

Drugs, Medicines and Groceries.

THE subscriber has just received from New York, a general assortment of DRUGS, MEDICINES and GROCERIES.

Also, a full supply of PAINTS AND OILS, which he intends to sell as low as any other establishment in this part of the country, for cash or ready pay.

JAMES S. LEFFINGWELL.
Ravenna, June 4, 1845.

DR. DANIEL SCHELL.

HAS found out an unfailing remedy for the cure of the prevailing epidemic, usually called Erysipelas.

Dr. S. has also a sure preventative of this disease.

Rootstown, June 22, 1845.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed and qualified administrator of the estate of Martin Bower, deceased, late of Randolph, Portage county, Ohio.

JOSEPH SCHRODER, Administrator,
By T. R. DICKINSON, Att'y.
June 30, 1845.

PAINTING.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public that he has rented the Paint-shop of N. D. Clark & Co. and is prepared to do all kinds of